

# FIRST PHOTOGRAPH OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN THE WORLD.



Jeanne Dortal, Pronounced by a High-Class Jury of Frenchmen to Be the Most Beautiful Woman in the World.

Jeanne Dortal, of the Vaudeville Theatre, Paris, has received the crown of beauty from a jury so constituted that the award has unusual dignity. In this competition there was no frivolity. The jurors were Henner and Besnard, painters; Rodin and Falguere, sculptors; Catulle Mendes, author and critic; Pedro Gailhard, director of the opera; Jules Cheret, the genius who designs posters; Sarah Bernhardt, actress; Doucet and Redfern, the man milliners. The points considered in making the award were form, color, feature, soul, expression, dignity, carriage. The jury was unanimous in the judgment that Mlle. Dortal is the beauty of beauties. Above is a picture of Mlle. Dortal, reproduced from the latest photograph of the young woman that has been received in New York. Do the Journal's readers think she is more beautiful than a 17 American girl they ever saw?

## 1,600 SORE ARMS AT THE WALDORF. BATHER AT CONEY ISLAND VANISHES. ROBBERING A SISTER HE TRIED SUICIDE.

From Manager to Scullery Maid, All Have Been Vaccinated. Clothes of Samuel Butterfield, Bank Clerk, Found Late at Night. Would-Be Burglar Attempted to Kill Himself When Caught.

It resembles bicycle face, and yet it is different. The guests of the Waldorf-Astoria have noticed that it is more acute. It afflicts every one of the 1,600 employees of the hotel from the manager down to the understudy of the netting deputy sub-assistant scullery maid.

They were all vaccinated on Friday and Saturday. The man who calls "Front!" with the air of a satrap summoning his generalissimo wears an expression of sad preoccupation, and the boy in buttons who opens the main door for new arrivals ducks aside from the more importunate ones for fear they should brush against his arm.

Mr. Boldt, the proprietor of the hotel, set a good example by offering his own arm to the lancet, and his is the only face in the hotel in which the apprehensiveness natural to a vaccinated person is lost beneath the irradiation springing from a duty nobly done.

Rank upon rank, corps after corps, the hotel servants were marshalled to the surgical office of the hotel. Dr. Calvin Adams, who lives and practices in the hotel, had the assistance of four colleagues, and they all worked hard. There may have been insistent feelings in the breasts of some of the employees, but the order was peremptory, and they knew what refusal would mean.

The Board of Health took a paternal interest in this wholesale distribution of lymph, where it would do the most good. The authorities are anxious that vaccination should be carried out systematically in large establishments, the homes of whose employees are scattered all over the city; and this applies especially to hotels, inasmuch as an outbreak of smallpox among a floating population might easily result in the spread of the disease, far and wide before steps could be taken to confine it.

For these reasons all the employees of the Hotel Manhattan, Forty-second street and Madison avenue, were vaccinated a couple of weeks ago.

There was every indication yesterday that the inoculations at the Waldorf-Astoria had not failed to "take." The waiters made way for each other with a solicitude that sprang from something more than politeness, and the elevator boys became exceedingly uneasy when their gilded cages were extra crowded.

**K. OF P. GRAVES DECORATED.**

Plainfield, N. J., June 18.—Today was observed as Decoration Day by the Uniformed Rank Knights of Pythias of this city.

Details from Crescent Division Uniformed Rank visited the local cemeteries and decorated the graves of dead members with flowers.

This afternoon Justus Rathbone Comendery of Brooklyn came to Plainfield joined in the observance of the day at the North Plainfield, Scotch Plains and side cemeteries.

Samuel Butterfield, of 262 West One Hundred and Twenty-second street, a clerk in the Twelfth Ward Bank, at One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street and Lexington avenue, was drowned in the surf at Coney Island yesterday. He leaves a wife and a daughter, five years of age.

An attendant at Balmer's pavilion notified the police late last night that the clothing of a man had been found in one of the bathhouses, and were unclaimed. The owner of the clothing had gone into the water about 3 P. M.

It was found that the man had left an envelope in the safe, with the name Samuel Butterfield and the foregoing address on the outside. There were a pair of gold sleeve buttons and a gold watch in the envelope.

The articles were taken to Harlem, where they were identified by Mrs. Butterfield as the property of her husband. She said that he had left home at noon with a friend named Rogers. He had said that he would go downtown on some business and would return at 4 p. m. to take his little daughter out walking.

Mr. Butterfield was thirty-three years of age, an Odd Fellow, a Mason and a member of the Royal Arcanum. He was an expert swimmer, but nearly lost his life last summer in the North River at One Hundred and Fifty-eighth street, being seized with cramps.

Captain Aley, the head of the life saving patrol at Balmer's pavilion, said that there was an unusually large crowd of bathers yesterday, and that some of them went along the beach to the bunnies district, and entered the water there, away from the life-savers. He thought, was probably one of those and was so far from the shore before he was rescued.

His body has not been recovered.

**FELL FIVE STORIES AND ESCAPED INJURY.**

"Don't Tickle Me," Said Little Tommy Dixon, When the Surgeon Felt His Ribs.

Tommy Dixon, five years old, who lives with his parents on the fifth floor of the double tenement at No. 105 East Twenty-fifth street, was playing on the rear fire escape of his home yesterday afternoon, when he missed his footing and fell to the ground.

Half a dozen clothespins obstructed the little fellow's fall, and when he was picked up by a neighbor he looked up in the man's face and laughed.

A surgeon from Bellevue who examined the lad found only a few slight bruises.

"Don't tickle me," said squirming Tommy, when the surgeon felt his ribs.

When Mrs. John McPherson Dixon yesterday morning awakened her husband with the alarm that a man was under the bed, she little suspected that she was compassing the shameful death of her own never-dead brother.

There had been a progressive enche party that night at No. 20 North Fourteenth street, East Orange. Mr. and Mrs. Dixon, who had been only three months married, entertained about thirty of their neighbors, and everybody stayed late.

It is supposed that Frank Pettinger took the opportunity to creep into his sister's house during the merry-making that followed the card games, and that some of his dissolute companions waited outside to be admitted by him when all was quiet.

He could not have selected a worse hiding place, for Mrs. Dixon was restless after all the excitement of the evening, and when he stirred she was conscious of it at once.

Her husband, when she aroused him, jumped out of bed and made for the bureau where he kept his pistol. The intruder anticipated him by firing a shot from under the bed.

While Mrs. Dixon ran to the front door, screaming for help, her husband returned the fire. The burglar fired again, having only one cartridge left, and desiring not to waste it, Dixon struck a match and looked under the bed. In the face of the burglar, who was bleeding at the mouth, he recognized his brother-in-law. He disarmed him under a struggle.

Pettinger had shot himself, as it afterward appeared, electing to die rather than face the disgrace of having tried to rob the house of his sister. And the doctors of St. Barnabas Hospital, Newark, say that he will die.

There is every reason to believe that among the crowd of neighbors who poured into the house at the height of the excitement the wounded man's confederates took the opportunity of trying to carry out their original plan. Mrs. Dixon suddenly discovered that two of her rings were missing.

The detectives in the house closed all avenues of egress and began a systematic search of all those present, beginning with those who were strangers to Mr. and Mrs. Dixon. Before they had proceeded far, however, the missing rings were discovered under a piece of soap on the kitchen floor, having evidently been placed there by the frightened thief.

Frank Pettinger has been a grief to his house from boyhood. His mother is in Europe. His sister was overcome yesterday by the horror of the events of the night.

# DIVORCE EVIDENCE BY SIGN LANGUAGE.

Marital Troubles of Rich Deaf Mutes Taken to Court.

## WIFE SEEKS RELIEF.

None of the Haight Family Can Speak or Hear.

## HUSBAND IS A MILLIONAIRE.

Only a Limited Separation Is Now Sought, but a Silent Correspondent Is Talked of In Possible Proceedings.

A family of deaf mutes, nearly all of whose friends and relatives are also without the senses of speech or hearing participate in a remarkable suit brought by Mrs. Mary L. Haight for a limited divorce.

The complainant is a deaf mute and so is her husband, Henry James Haight, a wealthy New Yorker. The case, brought before Judge Hirschberg at Newburg, where the wife resides, has been postponed until July 1, when a hearing will be had, with the assistance of an interpreter, in the sign language.

The defendant has a residence at No. 185 Fifth avenue, a splendid house and park at his native place, Goshen, N. Y., and a house at Newport. He is a millionaire. His wife says that he deserted her some time ago, leaving her without means of support. She sues for a separate maintenance.

**All the Family Deaf Mutes.**

A feature of the case is that it bears out with some emphasis the assertion of Professor Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone, that the intermarriage of deaf mutes is creating a race that cannot speak or hear. All the Haights are born deaf mutes.

The father of the defendant, David H. Haight, of Goshen, from whom he inherited his millions, was deaf and dumb, as were all his sisters and brothers. They naturally associated with persons with the same deficiencies, and a deaf mute became the wife of Henry Haight.

At the time of the abduction of Charles Ross, the elder Haight adopted an orphan boy, who spent a year and a half with the neighbors at Goshen before the child was really the kidnapped Charles. The notion, which, of course, had no basis, was not eradicated for years.

**Deaf Mute Co-Respondent Perhaps.**

The plaintiff in the case is living in New York with her daughters, Mrs. Charles Hunt and Miss Eleanor Haight, while the defendant, it is said, is at a New Jersey residence. There are indications that the suit may develop into one for absolute divorce with a deaf mute co-respondent.

The defendant in the present suit is a man of wide attainments, an inventor and an electrician. He has some eccentricities, one of which led him to spend \$80,000 on a museum of Italian machinery and granite in the Goshen cemetery, under which his body will some day repose.

# HAIGHT, Accused of Owing SILENT.



Judge Alfred Haight, of the Court of Appeals. This is the man whom M. L. Lockwood charges with being indebted to the Standard Oil Trust for his high position on the bench.

## He Refuses at Present to Make Any Reply to the Charges of M. L. Lockwood—The Latter Issues a Statement, in Which He Reiterates Them.

JUDGE ALBERT HAIGHT, of the Court of Appeals of New York, according to the testimony of a witness before the Industrial Committee, sitting in Washington, owes his present high position to the Standard Oil Trust.

This witness, M. L. Lockwood, an independent oil refiner, of Western Pennsylvania, under oath said that Judge Haight's nomination was brought about by the Standard Oil Trust because he quashed certain indictments against several oil magnates and their tools, growing out of the celebrated Matthews case.

Lockwood testified further that Judge Haight's election was aided by a large corruption fund, put up by the Standard Oil Trust.

When Judge Haight quashed these indictments in the Matthews case he was sitting on the Erie County Supreme Bench.

The Journal brought the testimony upon which these charges were based to Judge Haight's attention in Saratoga yesterday, where the Court of Appeals had just closed its term, and offered him the use of its columns for any answer or statement he might desire to make. He made this statement:

SARATOGA, June 18.—I appreciate the courtesy of the New York Journal in offering the use of its columns for any statement I may desire to make in reply to Mr. Lockwood.

I do not, however, at this time wish to say anything.

I have been on the bench for twenty-six years, and have always adhered to the rule that the actions and decisions of judges should be left to the consideration of the public, without further comment on their part.

I do not care at this time to depart from that rule unless I should be advised to do so by my associates on the Court of Appeals bench.

## LOCKWOOD HAS NOTHING TO RETRACT.

WASHINGTON, June 18.—My testimony has attracted much more attention than I expected it would. What I said before the Industrial Commission is now a part of that commission's record. I am responsible for my utterances. I have nothing to retract.

Let the gentlemen upon whom I have reflected answer the accusations I have made. Let these gentlemen prove, if they can, that Judge Haight was not nominated for and elected to the Court of Appeals at the instance of the Standard Oil Company and with the assistance of a general corruption fund furnished by the great corporate interests of New York State.

I believe implicitly every word I uttered. My contention is that the great corporations of this country, particularly the Standard Oil Company and the railroads, have devised a system of rewards whereby the lawyers and jurists who sympathize with them are promoted and advanced in a material way.

In view of my early acquaintance with Judge Haight and the great admiration I have had for him, it was a painful duty to discover him in the manner I did. It was a sense of public duty that impelled me to speak.

The Matthews case was a striking example of the power of the Standard Oil Company in the courts. It appeared to every right-minded man as one of the most outrageous perversions of justice that ever occurred.

After Matthews, who fought the case persistently and doggedly, got a verdict for damages in his civil cases, to the amount of over a quarter of a million, he secured the indictment of some of the trust magnates and their tools on a criminal charge of conspiracy, the purpose of which was to blow up Matthews' refinery and ruin his business.

The indictments were quashed by Judge Haight. I don't mean to say that Judge Haight received money for his judicial action. I do not believe he could be paid money to do anything he believed to be wrong, but in my judgment his ambitions were appeased, and he did what he thought was the respectable thing, the proper thing to do.

"He undoubtedly assumed that such a great corporation as the Standard Oil Company could not be despicable enough to be guilty of a crime charged against its managers. On the occasion in question the court room was filled with the greatest lawyers in the country, all appearing for the Standard Oil Company. That demonstration in itself was enough to impress any judge.

The atmosphere with which Judge Haight was surrounded was of such a character that he forgot law and justice, in my opinion, and did what the legal brains of his entire surroundings seemed to assume that he should do.

And right here is where I want to call attention to the fact that the corporations—the Standard Oil Company and railroads—particularly—encourage just such actions. They see to it that men who will yield to influence are properly promoted and are advanced.

In my judgment Mr. Haight was put upon the Court of Appeals of New York through the influence of the Standard Oil Company and the great corporate interests of that State. He allowed the great influence of these corporations to overshadow and dominate him, and these great influences are anxious to have such men on the bench.

## JUDGE INGRAHAM'S STATEMENT.

ONE of the resident Judges of the Court of Appeals of New York was in this city yesterday. Of the Justices of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court, the next highest State tribunal, Justice George Ingraham was the sole representative in town. Justice Ingraham said:

"Such a charge is perfectly absurd on the face of it. Any person might make a statement of that sort and no Judge could or would reply to it.

"Though I do not know Judge Haight well, I have known him for a long time by reputation, and know him to be a man of the greatest integrity, and most painstaking in the performance of his duties.

"I consider the statement of Mr. Lockwood preposterous, and am sure that its falsity must be palpable to any one who has the slightest knowledge of the judiciary."

# DUNLAP CRUSADE MET BY EAST SIDE FURY.

Clash of Beliefs That Ended in Rioting About the Text Covered Wagon Despite the Police.

Women "Teachers" Struck by Missiles from the Hands of Those They Sought to Convert.

Mission Will Cease While the Evangelist Appeals to the Law Against Van Wyck, Whom He Blames.

THERE were a number of veritable riots on the East Side yesterday. Wilson W. Dunlap, the paralytic missionary, who is attempting to convert the Jews to Christianity, was on the streets in his motto-covered wagon, and all the afternoon and evening, wherever he journeyed, there were disturbances with which even the police found it difficult to cope.

At a meeting held at the Hebrew Mission, No. 202 East Houston street, last night, one of Mr. Dunlap's assistant "teachers" was knocked down by the crowd in front of the house. A hurry call was sent to the Fifth street police station, and reserves were detailed to the place. A mob had collected, and the policemen had their hands full.

Mr. Dunlap blames Mayor Van Wyck for all his troubles. He says that he and his "teachers" were taunted at least fifteen times during the afternoon with the statement that "Mayor Van Wyck says we can do what we please with you all." He says that he will appeal to the Mayor to-day and that he will take legal measures to force him to "show his hand."

The "evangelist's" woes yesterday began as soon as the motto-covered wagon started. In the wagon, which was decorated on all sides with verses of Scripture in English and Hebrew, were, besides Mr. Dunlap and a negro driver, David Leinberg—a converted Hebrew, and three women, one of them a mulatto.

**Hooted as He Spoke.**

The "meetings" began at No. 202 East Houston street. About 2 o'clock the women began singing. The crowd, which was small at first, was soon for a time. In a few minutes, however, Leinberg began preaching. Immediately there were hootings and cat-calls from all sides.

Leinberg has a grandiloquent manner and he had not preached long before he got very earnest. As his voice rose the tumult increased. Finally, he began shouting in a shout, "Even as Moses was lifted up in the wilderness, so!"

But he got no further. The crowd raised a loud howl, and a well-aimed shoe hit one of the women. Mr. Dunlap, who sat impassive through it all, rang his gong at the demonstration, and the wagon moved on. Leinberg attempting to preach as the vehicle trundled along.

Probably a thousand people had collected by this time, and Officer Schultz, of the Fifth street station, who had been detailed to follow the wagon, was helpless. As the demonstration went on, the wagon moved on, and the crowd followed it. There were vegetables, old shoes, banana peels, melon rinds and occasional stones.

In front of No. 128 Orchard street a large missile of some kind was hurled into the wagon, hitting one of the young ladies a stunning blow on the breast.

Gossip is service rendered for the time, and a hasty run to the Eldridge street police station was made, where the wagon was stopped for more police protection. The Sergeant and Patrolman Miller to accompany the wagon. The Fifth street policeman was sent back to his post.

**Couldn't Have More Policemen.**

Miller got on the back part of the wagon, but it did no good. Projectiles came almost as fast as before. Leinberg tried to preach again in front of 78 Hivington street with the policeman standing at his side, but the services were soon discontinued. Hoots, shouts, the ringing of bells, and the popping of fire-crackers all contributed to the noise. In the midst of his exhortation, Leinberg shouted:

"Who is the Messiah?"

"There he sits," yelled a small Hebrew, pointing to the imperturbable Dunlap in the wagon.

The evangelist couldn't stand this, so they made another race for the Eldridge street station. The two women rushed into the station, and one of them excitedly complained to the sergeant:

"An assassin has been made on us murderously. We insist upon more protection from the police. This officer is afraid of the crowd."

"We can't give you the whole police force," said Sergeant McCoy. Officer Porter was assigned to help out the missionaries. The two women rushed into front of Mills Hotel No. 2, on Rivington street, the presence of two policemen seemed to have a quieting effect on the crowd. Leinberg preached in English and Hebrew and the women sang with comparatively few interruptions.

At the conclusion of this service the wagon started down Rivington street. When it reached Chrystie a decayed egg thrown from a crowd on the wagon, squarely in the neck. It splattered all over his coat. Dunlap immediately produced a new centaur bill, which one of the young women was carrying.

"Ten dollars reward for any one who tells us who threw that egg. You get your ten dollars as soon as you tell us who it was." Ten dollars was apparently too small a reward, for no one gave the desired information. Instead there was a loud derisive jeer. The "teachers" undressed, began singing:

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

Return was now made to No. 202 East Houston street. While on the way some one threw a banana, which hit one of the women. She saw the fruit thrown, and in an instant had broken the wire across the back of the wagon, rushed through the crowd in a way that would have done credit to a centre rail, calling, "Officer! Officer!" as she skipped along. By the time she found the binocular, however, she couldn't pick up anything.

The missionaries at last reached the mission house, and fled inside. Immediately there was a raid on the wagon. The horse pulling it was spat upon and kicked and all the upholstery was torn from the inside of the vehicle. Mr. Dunlap had a large collection of books and Bibles in the wagon. These were taken. Some of them were torn. Others were thrown at the